When for his hand he had his two sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empresse of this sport,
She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gaue me twenty kisses.

Goth.

What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?

Aron.

I like a blacke dogge as the saying is.

Lucius.

Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes.

Aron.

I that I had not done a thousand more,
Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within the compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,
Rauish a maid, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuse some innocent, and forsweare my selfe,
Set deadly enmity betweene two friends,
Make poore mens cattell breake their necks,
Set fire on barnes and hay stackes in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their teares:
Oft haue I digd vp dead men from their graues,
And set them vpright at their deere friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the barke of trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine letters,

Let

Let not your sorrow die, thoug
Tut, I haue done a thousand dr
As willingly as one would kill
And nothing greeues me hartil
But that I cannot doe tenne tho
Lucius. Bring downe the deui
So sweet a death as hanging pr
Aron. If there be deuils, woul
To liue and burne in euerlasting
So I might haue your company
But to torment you with my bit
Lucius. Sirs stop his mouth, a

Enter Emi

Goth. My Lord there is a Me
Desires to be admitted to yonr
Lucius. Let him come neere.
Welcome *Emillius*, what's the
Emill. Lord *Lucius*, and you
The Romaine Emperour greet
And for he vnderstands you ar
He craues a parly at your fathe
Willing you to demaund your
And they shall be immediatel
Goth. What saies our Gene
Lucius. *Emillius*, let the Em
Vnto my Father, and my Vnc
And we will come: march awa

Enter Tamora, and her

Tamora. Thus in this strang
I will encounter with *Andron*

I